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THE RUINED ONE.

BY WASHINGTON IRVING.

In the course of an excursion through one of the remote counties of England, I had struck into one of those cross roads that lead through the more secluded parts of the country, and stopped one afternoon at a village, the situation of which was beautifully rural and retired. There was an air of primitive simplicity about its inhabitants, not to be found in the villages which lie on the great coach roads. I determined to pass the night there, and having taken an early dinner, strolled out to enjoy the neighboring scenery.

My ramble, as is usually the case with travellers, soon led me to the church which stood at a little distance from the village. Indeed, it was an object of some curiosity, its tower being so lately ruined, and with ivy, so that only here and there a jutting buttress, an angle of grey wall, or a fantastically carved ornament, peered through the verdant covering. It was a lovely evening. The early part of the day had been dark and showery, but in the afternoon it had cleared up, and though a few clouds still hung over head, yet there was a broad tract of golden sky in the west, from which the setting sun gleamed through the dripping leaves, and lit up all nature in a melancholy smile. It seemed like the parting hour of a Christian, smiling on the sins and sorrows of the world, and giving, in the serenity of his decline, an assurance that he will rise again in glory.

I had seated myself on a half-sunken tombstone, and was musing, as one is apt to do at this sober thought, hour on past things, and early friends—on those who were distant, and those who were dead—and indulging in that melancholy fancying, which has it something sweeter even than pleasure. Every now and then the stroke of a bell from the neighboring tower fell on my ear; its tones were in unison with the scene, and, instead of jarring, blended in with my feelings; and it was some time before I recollected, that it must be telling the knell of some new tenant of the tomb.

Presently I saw a funeral train moving across the village green, it wound slowly along a lane; was lost, and re-appeared through the breaks of the hedge; until it passed the place where I was sitting. The pall was supported by young girls, dressed in white; and another, about the age of seventeen, walked before, bearing a chaplet of white flowers; a token that the deceased was a young and unmarried female. The corpse was followed by the parents. They were a venerable couple, of the better order of passion. The father seemed to repress his feelings; but his fixed eye, contracted brow, and deeply furrowed face, showed the struggle that was passing within. His wife hung on his arm, and wept aloud with the convulsive burst of a mother's sorrow.

I followed the funeral into the church. The tier was placed in the centre aisle, and the chaplet of white flowers, with a pair of white gloves, were lying over the seat which the deceased had occupied.

Every one knows the sublimating power of funeral service; for who is so fortunate as never to have followed some one he has loved to the tomb? but when performed over the remains of innocence and beauty, thus laid low in the bloom of existence—what can be more affecting? At that simple, but most solemn and significant of the body to the grave—"Earth to earth—ashes to ashes—dust to dust!"—the tears of the youthful companions of the deceased flowed unrestrained. The father seemed to struggle with his feelings, and to comfort himself with the assurance that the dead are blessed who die in the Lord; but the mother only thought of her child as a flower of the field cut down and withered in the midst of its sweetness; she was like Rachel, mourning over her children, and would not be comforted.

On returning to the inn I learnt the whole story of the deceased. It was a simple one, and such as has often been told. She had been the beauty and pride of the village. Her father had once been an opulent farmer, but was reduced to circumstances. This was his only child, and brought up entirely at home, in the simplicity of rural life. She had been the pupil of the village parson, the favorite of his little flock. The good man watched over her education with paternal care; it was limited, and suitable to the sphere in which she was to move; for he only sought to make an ornament to her station in life, not to raise her above it. The tenderness and indulgence of her parents, and the exemption from all ordinary occupations, had fostered a natural grace and delicacy of character, that accorded with the facile loveliness of the form. She appeared like some tender plant of the garden, blooming accidentally amid the hardier natives of the field.

The superiority of her charms was felt and acknowledged by her companions, but without envy; for it was surpassed by the unassuming gentleness and winning kindness of her manners. It might be truly said of her:

"This is the prettiest low born lass that ever

Ran on the green sward; nothing she does or seems,
But smacks of something greater than herself.

Too noble for this place,
The village was one of those requested spots, which still retain some vestiges of old English customs. It had its rural festivals and holiday pastimes, and still kept up some faint observance of the once popular rites of May. These indeed had been promoted by its present pastor; who was a lover of old customs, and one of those simple Christians that drink their mission fulfilled by promoting joy on earth and good will among mankind. Under his auspices the may-pole stood from year to year in the centre of the village green; on May day it was decorated with garlands and streamers; and a queen or lady of the May was appointed, as in former times, to preside at the sports, and distribute the prizes and rewards. The picturesque situation of the village, and the fancifulness of its rustic rites, would often attract the notice of casual visitors. Among these, on one May day was a young officer, whose regiment had been recently quartered in the neighborhood. He was charmed with the native taste that prevailed in this village pageant; but above all, with the dawning loveliness of the queen of May. It was the village favorite, who was crowned with flowers, and blossoming and smiling in all the beautiful confusion of girlish diffidence and delight. The artlessness of rural habits enabled him readily to make her acquaintance; he gradually won his way into her intimacy, and paid his court to her in that unliking way in which young officers are too apt to trifle with rustic simplicity.

There was nothing in his advances to startle or alarm. He never overtalked of love; but there are modes of making it more eloquent than language, and which convey it subtly and irresistibly into the heart. The beam of his eye, the tone on his voice, the thousand tendernesses which emanate from every word, and look, and action, they form the true eloquence of love, and can almost be felt and understood, but never described. Can we wonder that they should readily win a heart young, guileless, and susceptible. As to her, she loved almost unconsciously; she scarcely inquired what was the growing passion that was absorbing every thought and feeling or what were to be its consequences. So indeed, looked not to the future. When present, his looks and words occupied her whole attention; when absent, she thought but of what had passed at their recent interview. She would wander with him through the green lanes and rural scenes of the vicinity. He taught her to see new beauties in nature; he talked in the language of polite and cultivated life, and opened into her ear the witcheries of romance and poetry.

Perhaps there could not have been a passion, between the sexes, more pure than this innocent girl's. The gallant figure of her youthful admirer, and the splendor of his military attire, might at first have charmed her eye, but it was not this that had captivated her heart. Her attachment had something in it of idolatry. She looked upon him as a being of a superior order. She felt in his society the enthusiasm of a mind naturally delicate and poetical, and now first awakened to a keen perception of the grand and beautiful. Of the world's distractions of rank and fortune she thought nothing; it was the difference of intellect, of demeanor of manners, from those of the rude rustic society to which she had been accustomed, that elevated him in her opinion. She would listen to him with charmed ear, and dearest look of mute delight, and her cheek would mantle with enthusiasm; or if ever she ventured a shy glance of admiration, it was as quickly withdrawn, and she would sigh and blush at the idea of her comparative unworthiness.

Her love was equally impassioned; but his passion was mingled with feelings of a coarser nature. He had begun the connection in levity; for he had often heard his brother officers boast of their village conquests, and thought some triumph of the kind necessary to his reputation as a man of spirit. But he was too full of youthful fervor. His heart had not yet been rendered sufficiently cold and selfish by a wandering and dissipated life; it caught fire from the very flame it sought to kindle, and before he was aware of the nature of his situation he became really in love.

What was he to do? There were the old obstacles which so incessantly occur in these heedless attachments. His risk in life—the prejudices of titled connections—his dependence upon a proud and unyielding father—all forbade him to think of matrimony;—but when he looked down upon this innocent being, so tender and confiding, there was a purity in her manners, a blamelessness in her life, and a beseeching modesty in her looks, that awed down every licentious feeling. In vain did he try to fortify himself by a thousand heartless examples of men of fashion, and to chill the glow of generous sentiment with the cold derivative levity with which he had heard them talk of female virtue; whenever he came into her presence, she was still surrounded by that mysterious, but impressive charm of virgin purity, in whose hallowed sphere no guilty thought can live.

The sudden arrival of orders from the regiment to repair to the continent completed the confusion of his mind. He remained for a short time in a state of the most painful irresolution; he hesitated to communicate the tidings until the day of marching was at hand; when he gave

her the intelligence in the course of an evening ramble. The idea of parting had never before occurred to her. It broke at once upon her dream of happiness; she looked upon it as a sudden and insurmountable evil, and wept with the guileless simplicity of a child. He drew her to his bosom, and kissed the tears from her soft cheek; nor did he meet with a repulse; for there are moments of mingled sorrow and tenderness, which hallow the caresses of affection.

He was naturally impetuous; and the sigh of beauty, apparently yielding in his arms; the confidences of his power over her; and the dread of losing her forever; all conspired to overwhelm his better feelings—he ventured to propose that she should leave her home, and be the companion of his fortune.

He was quite a novice in seduction, and blushed and faltered at his own baseness; but so innocent of mind was his intended victim, that she was at a loss to comprehend his meaning, and why she should leave her native village and the humble roof of her parents? When at last the nature of his proposal flashed upon her pure mind, the effect was withering. She did not weep; she did not break forth in reproach—she said not a word—but she shrank back as from a viper; gave him a look of anguish that pierced to his very soul; and clasping her hands in agony, fled as if for refuge, to her father's cottage.

The officer, retired, confounded, humiliated, and repentant. It is uncertain what might have been the result of the conflict of his feelings, had not his thoughts been diverted by the bustle of departure. New scenes, new pleasures, and new companions, soon dissipated his self-reproach, and stifled his tenderness; yet, amidst the stir of camps, the reveries of garrisons, the army of armies and even the din of battles, his thoughts would sometimes steal back to the scene of rural quiet and village simplicity—the white cottage—the footpath along the silver brook and up the hawthorn hedge, and the little village maid loitering along it, leaning on his arm, and listening to him with eyes beaming with unconscious affection.

The shock which the poor girl had received, in the destruction of all her ideal world, had indeed been cruel. Faintings and hysterics, had at first shaken her tenderness, and were succeeded by a settled and pining melancholy. She had beheld from her window the march of departing troops. She had seen her faithless lover borne off, as if in triumph, amidst the sound of drum and trumpet, and the pomp of arms. She strained a fast acting gaze after him, as the morning sun glinted about his figure, and his plume waved in the breeze; he passed away like a bright vision from her sight and left her all in darkness.

It would be useless to dwell on the particulars of her story. It was like other tales of love, melancholy. She avoided society, and wandered out alone in the walks she had most frequented with her lover. She sought, like the stricken deer to weep in silence and loneliness, and brood over the barbed sorrow that rankled in her soul. Sometimes she would be seen late at an evening, sitting in the porch of the village church, and the milk maids, returning from the fields, would now and then overhear her, singing some plaintive ditty in the hawthorn walk. She became fervent in her devotions at church; and as the old people saw her approach, and as she walked away, yet with a hectic glow, and that hallowed air which melancholy diffuses round the form, they would make away for her, as for a thing spiritual, and looking after her, would shake their heads in gloomy forboding.

She felt a conviction that she was hastening to the tomb, but looked forward to it as a place of rest. The silver cord that had bound her to existence was loosened, and there seemed to be no more pleasure under the sun. If ever her gentle bosom had entertained resentment against her lover it was extinguished. She was incapable of angry passions; and in a moment of saddened tenderness, she penned him a farewell letter. It was couched in the simplest language, but touching from its very simplicity. She told him that she was dying, and did not conceal from him that his conduct was the cause. She even depicted the sufferings which she had experienced; but concluded with saying that she could not die in peace, until she had sent him her forgiveness and her blessing.

By degrees her strength declined, that she could no longer leave the cottage. She could only totter to her window, where, propped up in her chair, it was her enjoyment to sit all day and look out upon the landscape. Still she uttered no complaint, nor imparted to any one her malady that was preying upon her heart. She never even mentioned her lover's name; but would lay her head on her

mother's bosom and weep in silence. Her poor parents hung in mute anxiety, over this fading blossom of their hopes still flitting themselves that it might again revive to freshness and that the bright unearthly bloom which sometimes flushed her cheek might be the promise of returning health.

In this way she was seated between them one Sunday afternoon. Her hands were clasped in theirs the lattice was thrown open and the soft air that stole in brought with it the fragrance of the clustering honeysuckle which her own hands had trained round the window.

Her father had just been reading a chapter in the bible, it spoke of the vanity of worldly things and of the joys of heaven, it seemed to have diffused comfort and serenity through her bosom. Her eye was fixed on the distant village church; the bell had tolled for the evening service; the last villager was lagging into the porch and every thing had sunk into that hallowed stillness peculiar to the day of rest. Her parents were gazing on her with yearning hearts. Sickness and sorrow which pass so roughly over some faces, had given her the expression of a seraph's. A tear trembling in her soft blue eye. Was she thinking of her faithless lover—or were her thoughts wandering to that distant churchyard, into whose bosom she might soon be gathered.

Suddenly the clang of hoofs was heard—a horseman galloped to the cottage—he dismounted before the window—the poor girl gave a faint exclamation and sunk back into her chair—it was her repentant lover! He pushed into the house and flew to clasp her to his bosom, but her wasted form her death-like countenance—so wan, yet so lovely in its desolation—smote him to the soul; and he threw himself in an agony at her feet. She was too faint to rise—she attempted to extend her trembling hand—her lips moved as if she spoke, but no word was articulated—he looked down on him with a look of unutterable tenderness and closed her eyes for ever!

Such are the particulars which I gathered of this village story. They are but scanty, and I am conscious have little novelty to recommend them in the present rage for strange incidents and high-seasoned narrative they may appear trite and insignificant but they interested me strongly at the time; and taken in connection with the affecting ceremony which I had just witnessed, left a deeper impression on my mind than many circumstances of a more striking nature. I have passed through the place since, and visited the church again, from a better motive than mere curiosity. It was a wintry evening the trees were stripped of their foliage the churchyard looked naked and mournful and the wind rustled coldly through the dry grass. Evergreens, however, had been planted about the grave of the village favorite, and osiers were bent over it to keep the turf uninjured.

The church door was open, and I stepped in. There hung the chaplet of flowers and the gloves as on the day of the funeral: the flowers were withered it is true, but care seemed to have been taken that no dust should soil their whiteness. I have seen many monuments, where art has exhausted its powers to awaken the sympathy of the spectator; but I have met with none that speak more touching to my heart, than this simple, but delicate memento of departed innocence.

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"Meanwhile the flames burned fierce and fast; the outer door below was already consumed; from the apartment he had deserted the fire burst out in volleys of smoke; the wood cracked; the lead melted, with a crash fell the several gates, the dreadful ingress was opened to the multitude; the proud capital of the Cæsars was already tottering to its fall! Now was the time he passed the flaming door—the smouldering threshold; he passed the outer gate unscathed; he was in the middle of the crowd. 'Plenty of pillage within,' said he to the bystanders, in the Roman patois, his face congealed by his load; Suso, suso a gliu traditore! The mob rushed past him; he went on; he gained the last stair descending into the open street; he was at the last gate, liberty and life were before him.

"A soldier (one of his own) seized him. 'Pass not—where goest thou?' 'Beware, lest the senator escape disguised!' cried a voice behind—it was Villani! The concealing load was torn from his head—Rienzi stood revealed!

"I am the senator," he said, in a

loud voice.—"Who dare touch the representative of the people?"

"The multitude were around them in an instant. Not led, but rather hurried and whirled along—the senator was borne to the Place of the Lion. With the intense glare of the bursting flames, the gray image reflected a lurid light, and glowed—that grim and solemn monument!—as if itself of fire!

"There arrived, the crowd gave way terrified by the greatness of their victim. Silent he stood, and turned his face around; nor could the squalor of his garb, nor the terror of the hour, nor the proud grief of detection, abate the majesty or reassure the courage of the thousand who gathered, gazing round him. The whole capitol wrapped in fire, lighted with ghastly pomp the immense multitude. Down the long vista of the street extended the fiery light and the serried throng, till the crowd closed with the gleaming standards of the Colonna—the Orsini—the Savelli! Her true tyrants were marching into Rome. As the sound of their approaching horns and trumpets broke upon the burning air, the mob seemed to regain their courage. Rienzi prepared to speak; his first word was as the signal of his own death.

"Die, tyrant!" cried Cecco del Vecchio; and he plunged his dagger into the senator's breast.

"Die executioner of Montreal!" muttered Villani, thus the trust is fulfilled and his was the second stroke. Then as he drew back, and saw the artisan, in all the drunken fury of his brute passion, tossing up his cap, shouting aloud, and spurning the fallen lion, the young man gazed upon him with a look of withering and bitter scorn, and said as he sheathed his blade, and slowly turned to quit the crowd.

"Fool, miserable fool! thou and these at least had no blood of kindred to avenge!"

"They heeded not his words, they saw him not depart; for as Rienzi, without a word, without a groan, fell to the earth—as the roaring waves of the multitude closed over him—a voice shrill, sharp and wild was heard above all the clamor. At the easement of the palace, (the easement of her bridal chamber,) Nina stood!—through the flames, that burst below and around, her face and outstretched arms alone visible. Ere yet the sound of that thrilling cry passed from the air, down with a mighty crash thundered that whole wing of the capitol, a blackened and smouldering mass."

From the N. Y. Spirit of Times.

OLIVE CREEK MONEY.

Before the discovery and dispersion of the famous gang of counterfeiters in Arkansas last year, they used to do an immense business—had a banking house, with President, Cashier and clerks. The western country was so flooded with their money that in many sections it was about as current as any. Indeed a Yankee tin pedler with some good connecticut money, called one day to get it exchanged and was refused. 'I'll sell you better money than that for 50 cents on the dollar,' said the cashier pulling out a roll of Olive creek bills. 'So you want have it then, heh at any rate?' asked the tin-pedler. 'No, it is not current.' 'Well, then, won't you give me some good looking counterfeits for it?' what, give you our new Olive Creek notes for your dirty connecticut bills? I tell you what, stranger,' said the indignant cashier, at the offer of exchanging his current counterfeit for good connecticut money.

"I tell you what stranger if you don't shove off before soon, you'll find yourself in mighty bad sledding." The tin-pedler took the hint as the cashier jumped over the counter to kick him into the middle of next week. He slid!

Col. Crockett used to tell a good story of the Arkansas banks. He said it was the custom of one of them with a capital of \$100,000, of which about \$800 had been paid in and which with the building was mortgaged to secure the rent and cashier's salary to take raccoon skins at par for a dollar, while a bear skin was as good for \$10, or a beaver for \$20 as the note itself. He went a trapping one season and had great luck. Collecting his duds he trudged off to the bank with the plunder and drew the money which took pretty much all its available funds, as he threw off fifty per cent for specie, rather than take their notes. This done, and the skins snugly deposited in the bank safe, a long shed in the rear the colonel marbled. A few days after he called again with another lot of skins which he said

were much finer than the first, and sold them. The next day he called with a third lot, still finer, and so he continued to do until at length he broke the bank! The fact was, after selling his plunder during bank hours the colonel made tracks, but he returned to the bank safe at night, thrusting his screw ramrod through the logs he fished out the skins and sold them over again the next morning, until the bank was 'busted.'

From the N. Y. Commercial Advertiser of Thursday.

ANOTHER CONFLAGRATION.

This morning at seven four and five o'clock, the spacious five story building, known as the 'Methodist Book concern,' was discovered to be on fire in the second story, originating, it is believed, in the sheet room. The front building 120 feet on Mulberry street, and five stories high was soon enveloped in flames, owing to the combustible nature of its contents, and the fire spread so rapidly that nothing of value could be rescued, not even the account books, and this with a back building also of five stories with all their valuable contents, was entirely destroyed in a few hours, and only some broken fragments of the walls are now standing. The injury to the neighboring houses is not very considerable.

The destruction of this establishment must be regarded as a public calamity, since this Book Concern contained not merely their extensive printing office, bindery, and book warehouse, but is the sole depository of the Bible Society, tract society and Sunday school union of the Methodist Episcopal church; all the stock prepared in sheets and bound having been consumed. The stereotype plates, probably worth sixty or seventy thousand dollars, together with an immense amount of paper and printing materials, including the great power press and thirty other printing presses are now in ruins. The loss is estimated at two hundred and fifty thousand dollars, of which we understand only ten thousand are insured in the Greenwich company, and some thirty thousand dollars in three of the insolvent companies in this city.

There has been, until the last destructive fire in the lower part of the city, ten insurance in eight offices in this city, for ten thousand dollars each, but when the policies expired, some of them refused to renew; their late heavy losses having made them wary of such high buildings. Application had been made unsuccessfully to several of the neighboring cities for insurance, and failing in this, the building which was before 'fire proof,' was made more secure by iron doors between the different parts of the building at great expense. All, however, has been unraveling, and nothing remains but a huge mass of smoking ruins. A watchman went through every room at nine o'clock last night, and not a spark of fire was known to be in the house. Its origin is therefore involved in profound mystery, especially occurring at the hour it did.

When it is remembered that the profits of this establishment were exclusively devoted to the superannuated ministers of the church, and the widows and orphans of deceased preachers, throughout the whole country, many of whom are mainly dependent on the benevolence of the church, it is obvious that the large denomination to which it belongs, will feel this shock most heavily. It seems to call for some tangible expression of sympathy not only from Methodists, but from other denominations, and the appeal, which must shortly be made, will, no doubt, meet a hearty response from the whole Christian community.

We are requested to state, that the whole edition of the Christian Advocate, printed for this week, has been destroyed. The subscribers to that paper throughout the country will receive an extra in a few days, and the publication of the paper will be resumed, as soon as the necessary arrangements can be fully completed, probably, at the regular time next week.

TWELVE O'CLOCK.—We have just returned from the scene of conflagration. A few sleigh loads of books were saved from the store, and the mail books belonging to the Christian Advocate and Journal, which is a fortunate circumstance, as it will enable the concern to know who are subscribers to that paper. We learn that by this dispensation of Providence, upwards of two hundred persons are thrown out of employ.

It is yet unknown how the fire originated. Mr. Eker, the porter, who resided on the premises, went as usual, through the building at ten o'clock, when all appeared safe, and the first knowledge he had of the fire was by finding the flames bursting out from the windows above him.

Among the new Female Associations in Boston, is one entitled "The Anti young-men's-standing-at-the-Church-Society."

Murder of a Father in law.—One Hunt, a young lawyer, of Crawford county, Georgia lately stabbed his father in law, in a personal rencounter, and caused his death.

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From the N. Y. Spirit of Times.

OLIVE CREEK MONEY.

Before the discovery and dispersion of the famous gang of counterfeiters in Arkansas last year, they used to do an immense business—had a banking house, with President, Cashier and clerks. The western country was so flooded with their money that in many sections it was about as current as any. Indeed a Yankee tin pedler with some good connecticut money, called one day to get it exchanged and was refused. 'I'll sell you better money than that for 50 cents on the dollar,' said the cashier pulling out a roll of Olive creek bills. 'So you want have it then, heh at any rate?' asked the tin-pedler. 'No, it is not current.' 'Well, then, won't you give me some good looking counterfeits for it?' what, give you our new Olive Creek notes for your dirty connecticut bills? I tell you what, stranger,' said the indignant cashier, at the offer of exchanging his current counterfeit for good connecticut money.

"I tell you what stranger if you don't shove off before soon, you'll find yourself in mighty bad sledding." The tin-pedler took the hint as the cashier jumped over the counter to kick him into the middle of next week. He slid!

Col. Crockett used to tell a good story of the Arkansas banks. He said it was the custom of one of them with a capital of \$100,000, of which about \$800 had been paid in and which with the building was mortgaged to secure the rent and cashier's salary to take raccoon skins at par for a dollar, while a bear skin was as good for \$10, or a beaver for \$20 as the note itself. He went a trapping one season and had great luck. Collecting his duds he trudged off to the bank with the plunder and drew the money which took pretty much all its available funds, as he threw off fifty per cent for specie, rather than take their notes. This done, and the skins snugly deposited in the bank safe, a long shed in the rear the colonel marbled. A few days after he called again with another lot of skins which he said

were much finer than the first, and sold them. The next day he called with a third lot, still finer, and so he continued to do until at length he broke the bank! The fact was, after selling his plunder during bank hours the colonel made tracks, but he returned to the bank safe at night, thrusting his screw ramrod through the logs he fished out the skins and sold them over again the next morning, until the bank was 'busted.'

From the N. Y. Commercial Advertiser of Thursday.

ANOTHER CONFLAGRATION.

This morning at seven four and five o'clock, the spacious five story building, known as the 'Methodist Book concern,' was discovered to be on fire in the second story, originating, it is believed, in the sheet room. The front building 120 feet on Mulberry street, and five stories high was soon enveloped in flames, owing to the combustible nature of its contents, and the fire spread so rapidly that nothing of value could be rescued, not even the account books, and this with a back building also of five stories with all their valuable contents, was entirely destroyed in a few hours, and only some broken fragments of the walls are now standing. The injury to the neighboring houses is not very considerable.

The destruction of this establishment must be regarded as a public calamity, since this Book Concern contained not merely their extensive printing office, bindery, and book warehouse, but is the sole depository of the Bible Society, tract society and Sunday school union of the Methodist Episcopal church; all the stock prepared in sheets and bound having been consumed. The stereotype plates, probably worth sixty or seventy thousand dollars, together with an immense amount of paper and printing materials, including the great power press and thirty other printing presses are now in ruins. The loss is estimated at two hundred and fifty thousand dollars, of which we understand only ten thousand are insured in the Greenwich company, and some thirty thousand dollars in three of the insolvent companies in this city.

There has been, until the last destructive fire in the lower part of the city, ten insurance in eight offices in this city, for ten thousand dollars each, but when the policies expired, some of them refused to renew; their late heavy losses having made them wary of such high buildings. Application had been made unsuccessfully to several of the neighboring cities for insurance, and failing in this, the building which was before 'fire proof,' was made more secure by iron doors between the different parts of the building at great expense. All, however, has been unraveling, and nothing remains but a huge mass of smoking ruins. A watchman went through every room at nine o'clock last night, and not a spark of fire was known to be in the house. Its origin is therefore involved in profound mystery, especially occurring at the hour it did.

When it is remembered that the profits of this establishment were exclusively devoted to the superannuated ministers of the church, and the widows and orphans of deceased preachers, throughout the whole country, many of whom are mainly dependent on the benevolence of the church, it is obvious that the large denomination to which it belongs, will feel this shock most heavily. It seems to call for some tangible expression of sympathy not only from Methodists, but from other denominations, and the appeal, which must shortly be made, will, no doubt, meet a hearty response from the whole Christian community.

We are requested to state, that the whole edition of the Christian Advocate, printed for this week, has been destroyed. The subscribers to that paper throughout the country will receive an extra in a few days, and the publication of the paper will be resumed, as soon as the necessary arrangements can be fully completed, probably, at the regular time next week.

TWELVE O'CLOCK.—We have just returned from the scene of conflagration. A few sleigh loads of books were saved from the store, and the mail books belonging to the Christian Advocate and Journal, which is a fortunate circumstance, as it will enable the concern to know who are subscribers to that paper. We learn that by this dispensation of Providence, upwards of two hundred persons are thrown out of employ.

It is yet unknown how the fire originated. Mr. Eker, the porter, who resided on the premises, went as usual, through the building at ten o'clock, when all appeared safe, and the first knowledge he had of the fire was by finding the flames bursting out from the windows above him.

Among the new Female Associations in Boston, is one entitled "The Anti young-men's-standing-at-the-Church-Society."

Murder of a Father in law.—One Hunt, a young lawyer, of Crawford county, Georgia lately